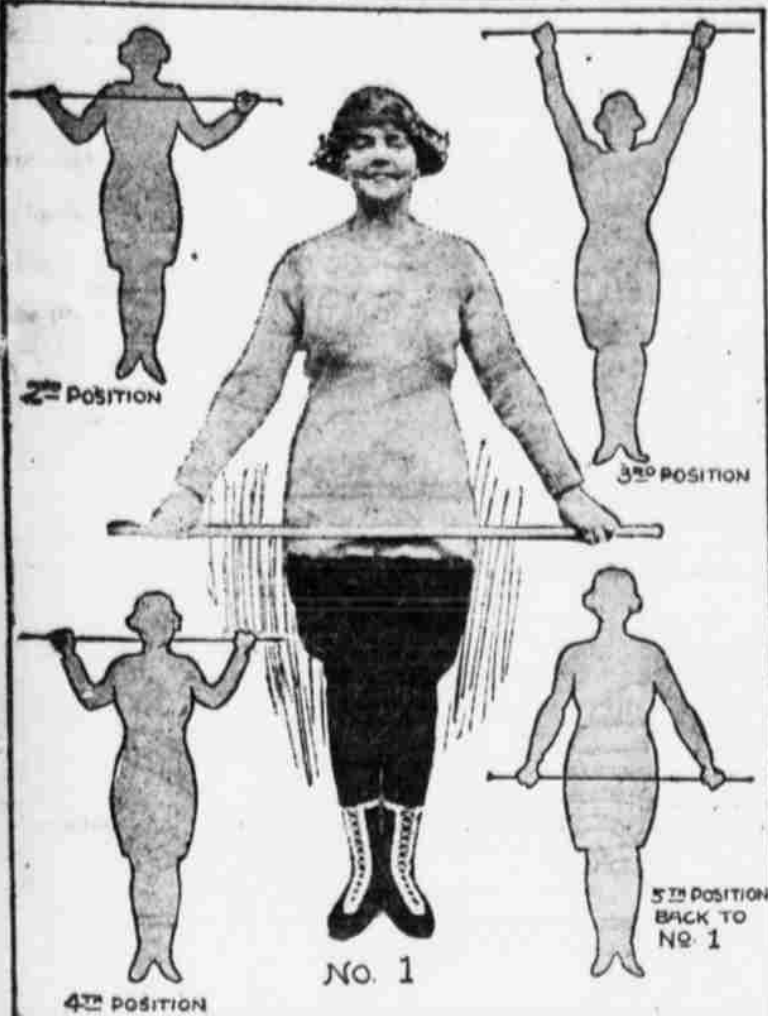


For Physical Preparedness U. S. Army Exercises

Posed by Pauline Furlong



These "setting up exercises" of the United States Army are published by The Evening World to aid physical preparedness by everybody for whatever call to service may come. Your country will need hundreds of thousands of men and women in its preparations for war. With this in mind, begin your preparations now. The United States Army has adopted these exercises as the very best for putting its soldiers in prime physical condition. Apply them in your own earnest effort to become personally "ready and fit to do your bit."

FIRST SET—Wand Exercise No. 1.

THE "setting up" exercises for the United States Army are used by the police, firemen and many other Government employees and they are much the same as any others, in so far as their ultimate object is concerned, which is to systematize physical training and through it bring about better carriage, which means better health.

These exercises are arranged in sets and the five different movements should follow each other without pause to relax or rest. This practice causes concentration of the mind upon the work, which is most essential if best results are to be had.

We are starting with the first set of movements to-day, using the wand—a wooden stick about four feet long. A light curtain pole or broom handle will answer just as well, however.

The centre picture shows the start of our first set and the shoulders should be well back, head up, abdomen drawn in, heels together and knees rigid. Grasp the pole tightly near the ends and proceed with the movement as shown in Figure 2, holding the wand up until it rests on the chest, and then raise it up over the head as shown in Figure 3 until it rests against the back of the neck, as shown in Figure 4. Finish this set of exercises by returning to the starting position. Relax a few seconds and then repeat the set ten times.

BRAN BREAD WITH DARK FLOUR—MRS. GEORGE R. This has been published repeatedly and will be sent you on receipt of two cents.

STAIR CLIMBING—R. L. H. Stair climbing strengthens the muscles of the legs and increases the lung power, freedom of movement and also causes the yellow marks on the neck, about which you wrote me. This will sooner or later cause flabby, scrawny neck and chin, because the blood cannot circulate freely through these parts. The skin will also appear sallow and lined. Bathe the back in very hot water and then in very cold water and massage it each night with cold cream to stimulate the blood supply. During the day apply vasoline to a puff of cotton and wear collars which are open at the neck.

BLUSHING—THERESA K.: Self-consciousness causes this and you should forget yourself when talking to others and pay more attention to what they are saying.

INDIGESTION—MRS. G. R.: If certain foods mentioned in the developing diet give you indigestion omit them from your daily meals. Surely a large enough variety is given to choose from. I am certain that after you have taken the exercises for a time your digestion and health will be greatly improved.

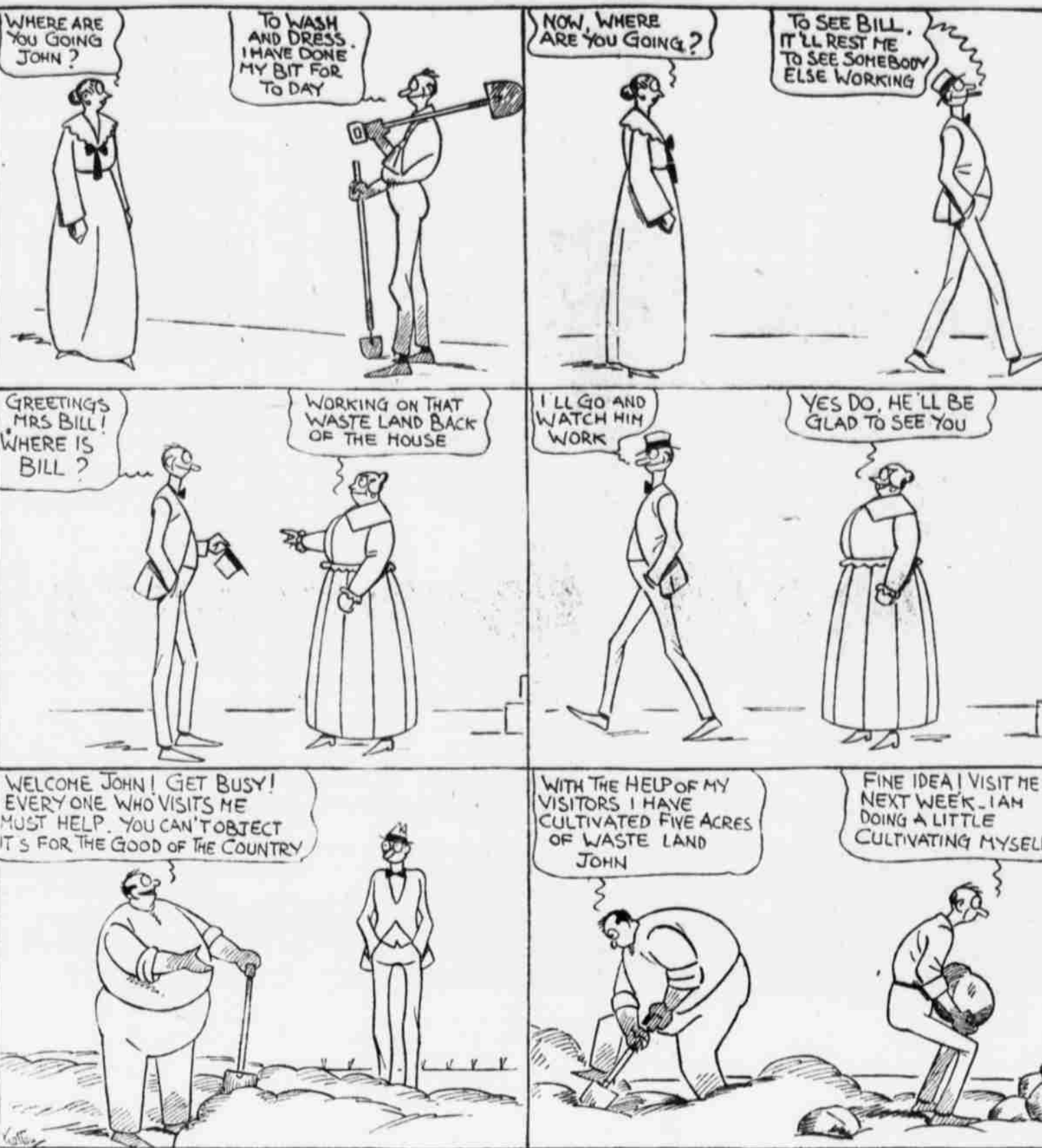
ECZEMA—MRS. L. P.: Eczema on any part of the body is the result of retained waste matter in the system and impure blood. This should be treated under advice of a physician.

THE SIX WINNERS OF THE EVENING WORLD'S PERFECT FIGURE CONTEST WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN TO-MORROW'S EVENING WORLD

The Day of Rest

Copyright, 1917, by The Evening World, Inc.

By Maurice Ketten



THE PATROL OF THE SUN DANCE TRAIL

BEST NOVELS PUBLISHED ON THIS PAGE COMPLETE EVERY TWO WEEKS.

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CHAPTER I.

Full up the hillside in the midst of a rugged group of pines the Union Jack shook out its folds gallantly in the breeze that swept down the Kicking Horse Pass. That gallant flag marked the headquarters of Supt. Strong of the North West Mounted Police, whose special duty it was to preserve law and order along the construction line of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company.

Along the road which ran parallel to the steel, a man, dark of skin, slight but wiry, came running. At a little trail that led to the left he paused, noted the colour toward the distant flag, turned into it, then struggled up the rocky hillside till he came to the wooden shack, with a porch running round it, and surrounded by a rustic fence which inclosed a garden. The runner passed in through the gate and up the little gravel walk and began to ascend the steps.

"Hail!" A quick sharp voice arrested him. "What do you want here?" From the side of the shack an orderly appeared.

"Me—see—Chief—queek," and he made a step toward the door.

"Hail there!" said the orderly sharply. "Keep out, you half-breed!"

"See—Chief—queek," pointed the half-breed, for so he was, with fierce insistence.

The orderly hesitated. A year ago he would have brushed him off the porch in short order. But these were anxious days. The Indian tribes throughout the western territories and in the eastern part of British Columbia, under cover of an unwanted quiet, were in a state of excitement, and this was known better than the Northwest Mounted Police.

All this and more made the trim orderly hesitate. A runner with news was not to be kicked unceremoniously off the porch.

"You want to see the Superintendent, eh?"

"Oul, for sure—queek—run ten mile, I relled the half-breed with angry impatience.

"All right," said the orderly, "what's your name?"

"Name? Ah, sure—see, Chief—know me—'Anault.' The little man drew himself up.

"All right! Wait!" replied the orderly, and passed into the shack. He had hardly disappeared when he was back again, obviously shaken out of his correct military form.

"Go in!" he said sharply. "Get a move on! What are you waiting for?"

The half-breed threw him a side-long glance of contempt and passed quickly into the "Beck Chief's" pres-

ence. And the runner had been but a few minutes with the Chief when the orderly was again startled out of his military decorum by the bursting open of the Superintendent's door and the sharp rattle of the Superintendent's orders.

"Send Sergt. Perry to me at once and have my horse and my brought round immediately!" The orderly sprang to attention and saluted.

"Yes, sir!" he replied, and swiftly departed.

A few minutes' conference with Sergt. Perry, a few brief commands to the orderly, and the Superintendent and Sergeant were on their way. A half-hour's ride brought them to a trail that led off to the south, into which the Superintendent followed by the Sergeant, turned his horse. Not a word was spoken by either man. They were on the old Kootenay Trail, for a hundred years and more the ancient pathway of barter and of war for the Indian tribes that hunted the western plains and the foothills country and brought their furs to the coast by way of the Columbia River.

The trail led through the big firs and dipped into a little grassy valley set round with thickets on every side. Into this open glade they rode. The Superintendent was plainly disturbed and irritated. Where he had expected to find a big Indian powwow he found only a quiet sunny glade in the midst of a silent forest. Sergt. Perry waited behind him in respectful silence, too wise to offer any observation upon the situation. Hence in the Superintendent grew a deeper irritation.

"Well, I'll be!" He paused abruptly.

"Exactly so," said the Sergeant, determined to be agreeable.

"They don't seem to be here, sir," replied the Sergeant.

"They were to have been here," said the Superintendent angrily. "My information was most positive and trustworthy."

"Exactly so, sir," replied the Sergeant.

"Well, then, where in—where?" The Superintendent felt himself rapidly approaching an emotional climax and took himself back with a jerk.

"Well," he continued, with obvious self-control, "let's look about a bit."

With keen and practiced eyes they searched the glade, and the forest round about it, and the trails leading to it.

"Not a sign," said the Superintendent. "The first time in my experience a powwow is wrong in the very first time. He was dead sure."

"Exactly right, sir," observed the Sergeant.

"He's been fooled," affirmed the Superintendent. "A big sun dance was planned for this district spot. They were all to be here, every tribe represented, the Sioux even had been drawn into it, some of the young braves I suppose. And, more than that, the Sioux from across the line."

"The Sioux, eh?" said the Sergeant. "I don't know the Sioux were in this."

"Ah, perhaps not, but I have information that the Sioux—in fact!" here the Superintendent dropped his horse and unconsciously glanced about him, "the Sioux are very much"

short," with a resounding whack upon his thigh. "He has got to come. The situation is too serious for trifling."

"Trifling?" said the Sergeant to himself in an undertone.

"We'll go for him. We'll send for him," The Superintendent turned and glanced at his companion. His voice grew stern. His lips drew to a line. "And we'll get him."

CHAPTER II.

BUT Sergt. Cameron was done with the Service forever, and the cause was a girl named Mandy Haley.

There were other reasons, too. His father's death in Scotland and the consequent winding up of the estate threw upon Cameron the responsibility of caring for his young sister, now left alone in the home, except for distant kindred of whom they had but slight knowledge.

A home was immediately and imperatively necessary. Cameron fortunately remembered that a friend of his, young Fraser, was keen to get rid of the Big Horn Ranch. This ranch lay nestling cozily among the foothills and in sight of the towering peaks of the Rockies.

There would be a thousand pounds or more left from his father's estate. Everybody said it was a safe, indeed a most profitable, investment.

A week's leave of absence sufficed for Cameron to close the deal with Fraser. Then he immediately determined that a rancher he would be, and a famous rancher's wife Mandy would make. And as for his sister, Mandy, had she not specialized in pigs and poultry on the old home farm at the Cough Or? Even his college mate and one time football comrade of the old Edinburgh days, the wise, cool-headed Dr. Martin, now in charge of the Canadian Pacific Railway Hospital, had agreed that there was no good reason for delay.

So there had been only the Superintendent to oppose.

Hence, because no really valid objection could be offered, the marriage was made, and there on the Big Horn Ranch through the long summer days Mandy and Cameron had rode the ranges after the cattle, cooking their food in the open and camping under the stars where night found them, care-free and deeply happy, drinking long full draughts of that mingled wine of life into which health and youth and love and God's sweet sun and air poured their rare vintage. And there was far away and quite forgotten.

Summer deepened into autumn, the fall round-up was approaching, and there came a day of such blinding light and such sprightly air as to suggest to Mandy nothing less than a holiday.

"My little horn!" cried Mandy with delight. She could hardly wait for the unloading and tethering of the ponies.

"Now," she cried, when all was ready, "for my very first ride. How shall I find this book and where?"

"Try a cast yonder, just beside that overhanging willow. Don't splash! Try again—drop it lightly. That's better. Don't tell me you've never cast a book before."

"Never in my life."

"Let it float down a bit. Now back. Hold it up and let it dance there. I'll just have a pipe."

But next moment Cameron's pipe was forgotten. With a shout he sprang to his wife's side.

"My love, you've got him!"

"No. No. Leave me alone! Just tell me what to do. Go away! Don't touch me. Oh—h-h! He's gone!"

"Not a bit. Reel him up—reel him up! Wait till I get the net. He rushed for the landing net."

"Oh, he's gone! He's gone! Oh, I'm so mad!" She stamped savagely on the grass. "He was a monster."

"They always are," said her husband gravely. "The fellows that get off, I mean."

"Oh! Oh! I've got him!" The girl was dancing excitedly along the bank. "No! Oh, what a wretch! He's gone. Now if I get him you tell me what to do, but don't touch me."

Again there was a wild shriek from the girl.

"Oh, I've got him sure! Now get the net!"

"Jump about so! Steady now—steady—that's better. Fine! Fine work! Let him go a bit—no, check—wind him up. Look out! Not too quick! Fine! Oh! Look out! Get him away from that jam! Reel him up! Quick! Now play him! Let us help!"

"Don't you dare touch this rod, Allan Cameron, or there'll be trouble!"

"Watch him close. Wind him up a bit. Get all the line in you can. Steady! Let him go! Let him go! Now wind him again. Wait, hold him so, just a moment—A little easier! Hurrah! Hurrah! I've got him and he's as beauty—a perfectly typical Rainbow trout!"

"Oh, you beauty!" cried Mandy, down on her knees beside the trout that lay flapping on the grass. "What a shame! Oh, what a shame! Oh, put him in again, Allan. I don't want him. Four dear, what a shame!"

"But we must keep him, you see," remonstrated her husband. "And we need him for tea, you know. He really doesn't feel it much. There are lots more. Try another cast. I'll attend to this one."

Noble sport they found it through the long afternoon, so that, when through the scraggy pines the sun began to show red in the western sky, a score or more lusty, glittering, speckled Rainbow trout lay on the grass beside the shady pool.

"Now, Allan," cried Mandy, "I'll make tea ready if you get some wood for the fire. Oh, what a day we've had. Allan, one of the very best days in my life."

"Yes, it's been a great day," said Allan, "a wonderful day, a day we shall always remember." Then after a silence, "Now for a fish and supper. You're right. In an hour we must be gone, for we are a long way from home. But, think of it, Mandy, we're going home. I can't quite get used to that!"

And in an hour, riding close as lovers ride, they took the trail to their home ten miles away.

(To Be Continued.)

Original Designs for The Home Dressmaker

Advice in the Selection of Materials and Styles for All Types
Furnished by The Evening World's Expert.

By Mildred Lodewick

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Description.

THERE are so many possible—nay, compelling things to choose from this season in fabrics and styles, that it is no wonder women who have not decided opinions as to just what they want, get tangled up and lost in the mazes. Although a straight path would be easier to follow, I doubt if many women would care to relinquish their freedom in this direction. And one thing which is certain as a result of this freedom is that women's clothes will express more individuality.

One of the best liked fabrics for street dresses during the late spring days is wool jersey, which has had such a hard strife for recognition since its first appearance about three years ago. Silk jersey is also to be worn, but it is extremely expensive, so that silks of a jersey weave, such as the Jers, which does not stretch like jersey, will take the place of it for smart sport frocks this summer.

Exceedingly good for wool jersey is the left hand interpretation of to-day's design, a military affect which is pleasing, and sure to be becoming to any but a very stout figure, is achieved through a trimming of braid. Either a dull army blue, dark blue, tan or gray would be a pretty color for the frock, and one's own taste for contrast may be exhibited in the braid.

Emerald green braid, while not so suggestive of the military as red or gold or blue, would be effective on one of the three colors mentioned for the frock.

Georgette crepe and satin is suggested at the right, just to show the adaptability of the design. Head banding or heads embroidered in hand effect make



TWO PRETTY DESIGNS IN SPRING FROCKS.

the frock suitable for dreamy afternoon occasions, while the high neck retains for it a practical character. Gray Georgette crepe would combine prettily with either self color, Copenhagen blue or violet satin. The steel band trimming may be dispensed with floral embroidery to match the color of the satin. The odd opening in the front of the tunic gives excellent opportunity for a trimming on the skirt in the form of head balls dropping in a straight line.

Answers to Queries.

Fashion Editor, Evening World: Perhaps you will help me out. I am making a dress of grayish-tan serge. What color and material would you advise for collar and belt, also what kind of buttons shall I use? I have brown hair and eyes, and thirty-eight.

MRS. J. M.: Bright blue taffeta silk. But if you want to be in your serge, which I think would be in better taste, the collar could be of white satin, or any other becoming color of linen or silk. Buttons of the material, or brown bone.

Fashion Editor, Evening World: Will you please suggest a pretty, simple way to make a purple Georgette crepe dress? I have six yards. Am thirty-five years of age; 5 feet 4 inches tall, slender, weigh 125 pounds.

MRS. H.: Braiding in self color, of a lighter shade, or in dark blue.

Fashion Editor, Evening World: I have two and a half yards of dark blue serge, and do not know what to get to put with it for a street dress. Will you suggest something, also a style? It is to be worn to business. Would like a touch of color or white on the dress.

JEAN C.: Blue foulard polka dotted with white. Plaited frills of batiste.

Fashion Editor, Evening World: I would appreciate your advice on how to make up a cinnamon brown linen dress. I am forty-six years old, weigh 185 pounds, 5 feet 4 inches tall. Would like it somewhat sporty, with pockets. Hoping you will help me.

MRS. R. J. J.: This dress should become you. Vest front and cuff facings of white linen barred with green.

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A SOLDIER OF MANHATTAN

The Story of a Patriot in the Stirring Days of America's Youth
Will Begin on This Page May 7